Sir
THOMAS OVERBVRIES
Vision.

With the ghoasts of *Weſton*, *M^rs. Turner*, the late *Lieſtenant* of the Tower, and *Franklin*.

By *R. N. Oxon.*

---In pœnam inſeſtatur & umbra.



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SIR THOMAS OVERBVRIES *Viſion.*

WHen poyſon (O that poyſon and foule wrong,
Should euer be the ſubiect of my ſong!)
Had ſet loud Fame vpon a loftie wing,
Throughout our ſtreetes with horrid voice to ſing
Thoſe vncouth tidings, in each itching eare,
How raging luſt of late, too ſoone did beare
That monſter murther, who once brought to light,
Did ſlay the man whoſe viſion I recite:
Then did th' inconſtant vulgar day by day,
Like feathers in the wind, blowne euery way,
Frequent the [a] *Forum*, where in thickeſt throng,
I one amongſt the reſt did paſſe along
To heare the iudgement of the wiſe, and know
That late blacke deede, the cauſe of mickle woe:
But from the reach of voice too farre compel'd,
That beaſt of many heads I there beheld,
And did obſerue how euerie common drudge,

[a] Guild hall.

Aſſum'd the perſon of an awefull Iudge:

A deſcription of the vulgar. Here in the hall amidſt the throng one ſtands
Nodding his head, and acting with his hands,
Diſcourſing how the poyſons ſwift or ſlow
Did worke, as if their nature he did knowe:
An other here, preſuming to outſtrippe
The reſt in ſounder iudgement, on his lippe
His finger layes, and winketh with one eye,
As if ſome deeper plot he could deſerie:
Here foure or fiue, that with the vulgar ſort
Will not impart their matters of import,
Withdraw and whiſper, as if they alone
Talk't things that muſt not vulgarly be knowne;
And yet they talke of naught from morne till noone
But wonders, and the fellowe in the moone:
Here ſome excuſe that which was moſt amiſſe;
Others doe there accuſe, where no crime is,
Accuſing that which they excuſ'd anon,
Inconſtant people, neuer conſtant known:
Cenſure from lippe to lippe did freely flie,
He that knew nothing, with the reſt would crie,
The voice of iudgement; euery age ſhall finde

Th' igno-

Th' ignoble vulgar cruell, mad in blindes
The muddie ſpawne of euery fruitleſſe braine,
Daub'd out in ignominious lines, did ſtaine
Papers in each mans hand, with rayling rimes
Gainſt the foule Actors of theſe wel-knowne crimes:
Baſe wittes, like barking curres, to bite at them
Whom iuſtice vnto death ſhall once condemn.
I that beheld, how whiſpering rumour fed
The hungrie eares of euery vulgar head
With her ambiguous voyce; night being come,
Did leaue the *Forum* and returned home;
Where after ſome repaſt, with greiſe oppreſt
Of theſe bad dayes, I tooke me to my reſt:
And in that ſilent time, when ſullen night
Did hide heau'ns twinckling tapers from our ſight,
And on the earth with blackeſt lookes did lowre,
When euery clocke chimb'd ſelue, the midnight houre,
In which impriſon'd ghoaſts free licence haue
About the world to wander from their graue;
When hungrie wolues and wakefull dogges do howle
At euery breach of aire, when the ſad owle
On the houſe top beating her baleful wings,

A deſcription of midnight.

And

And ſhreeking out her dolefull ditty, ſings
The ſong of death, vnto the ſicke that lie
Hopeleſſe of health, forewarning them to die:
Iuſt at that houre, I thought my chamber dore
Did ſoftly open, and vpon the floare
I heard one glide along, who at the laſt
Did call and bid me wake; at which agaſt
I vp did looke, and loe, a naked man
Of comely ſhape, but deadly pale and wan,

Sir Thomas Ouerburies ghoſt.



Before

Before me did appeare, in whoſe ſad looke,
As in the mappe of griefe or ſorrowes booke,
My eye did reade ſuch characters of woe,
As neither paintings, skill, nor pen can ſhowe:
With dreadfull horrour almoſt ſtricken dead
At ſuch a ſight, I ſhrunke into my bed,
But the poore Ghoaſt to let me vnderſtand
For what he came, did waft me with his hand,
And ſorrowes teares diſtilling from his eies,
His poyſon'd limbs he ſhow'd, and bad me riſe,
Which fearefull I, not daring diſobey,
Roſe vp and follow'd, while he lead the way
Through many vncouth wayes, he led me on
Ouer that Towers fatall hill, whereon
That ſcaffold ſtands, which ſithence it hath ſtood
Hath often lickt vp treaſons taynted blood:
Thence ouer that ſame wharfe, faſt by whoſe ſhoares
From Londons bridge the prince of riuers roares,
He in a moments ſpace by wondrous power,
Tranſported me into that ſpacious Tower,
Where as we entred in, the very ſight
Of that vaſt building, did my ſoule affright:

There did I call to minde, how or'e that gate,
The chamber was, where vnremorſefull fate
Did worke the falls of thoſe two [b] Princes dead,
Who by their foes were ſmothered in their bed.
And there I did behold that fatall greene,
Where famous *Eſſex* woefull fall was ſeene:
Where guiltie *Suffolks* guiltleſſe daughter *Jane*
The ſcaffold with her noble blood did ſtaine:
Where royall *Anne* her life to death reſign'd,
Whoſe wombe did beare the [c] praiſe of women kind:
And where the laſt [d] *Plantagenet* did pore
Her life out in her blood, where many more,
Whom law did iuſtly, or vniuſtly taxe,
Paſt by the ſentence of the bloody axe:
And here as one with ſuddaine ſorrow ſtroke,
The Ghoaſt ſtood ſtill a while, with dolefull looke.
Fixt on the ground, and after ſad ſighes giuen
With eyes and hands vp-lifted vnto heauen,
As calling them to witneſſe of his woe,
In ſad complaint, his griefe he thus did ſhow.
Great God of heauen, that pitties't humane wrongs,
To whom alone reuenge of blood belongs;

[b] 45 and they Duke of

[c] Elize-

[d] Coſ. daughter Duke

Thou

Thou, that vpon the wings of heauen do'st ride,
And laugh'st to scorne the man, that seekes to hide
And *ouer-buries* guiltlesse blood in dust,
Thou know'st the paines of my impoyson'd ghoast;
When men more changing then th'inconstant winde,
Or doe not know, or knowing wilfull blinde,
Will not behold dead *Ouerburies* griefe,
But thinke his losse no more then losse of life:
(Ye friends vnkind and false) that after death
Doe let your friendship vanish with the breath
Of him that's dead, and thinke since truth begun
To trie my cause, more satisfaction done
Then all my wrongs require; giue eare, and say
When I haue told my griefe, if from the day
That mans first blood to heauen cri'd out of earth,
For vengeance 'gainst the first mans eldest birth
Vntill this time; if man for life so lost,
More iustly may complaine, then my dead ghoast.
I was (aye me, that I was euer so)
Belou'd in court, first step to all my woe:
There did I gaine the grace of Prince and Peeres,
Knowne old in iudgement, though but young in yeeres;

And there, as in this Kingdomes garden, where
Both weedes and flowers doe grow, my plant did beare
The buddes of hope, which flowring in their prime
And *May* of youth, did promise fruit in time:
But lust, foule lust did with a hand of blood
Supplant my plant, and crop me in the budde:
Yet to my selfe had I my counsells kept,
Or had I drown'd my cares in rest, and slept,
When I did breake my quiet sleepes, and waite
To serue a false friend, and aduance his state,
I had not met with this inhumane wrong,
But might perhaps haue happy liu'd, and long.
Did euer fortune pinch him with constraint?
That little wealth I had, supply'd his want:
Did euer cares perplex his feeble braine?
What wit I had, his weakenesse did sustaine:
Did euer error make him doe amisse?
What wisedome I had learn'd, was euer his:
My wit, my wealth, and wisedome with good chaunce,
In his great honours May-game, lead the daunce.
I doe not falsly boast the gifts of mind,
Best wittes can iudge, my *wife* I left behind

Vnto

Vnto the world, a witneſſe may remaine,
I had no dull conceit, no barren braine:
But as a dogge that at his pray doth ame,
Doth onely loue the water for his game,
Which once obtain'd, he playing then no more,
Shakes off the water when he comes on ſhore:
So my great Friend, no friend, but my great Foe,
Safe ſwimming in that way which I did ſhowe,
Through dangers waters after honours game,
Did ſhake me off when I had gain'd the ſame.
Vaine man, too late thou do'ſt repent my wrong,
That huge great ſayle of Honour was too ſtrong
For thy great boate, wanting thy friend to ſteare:
In this, thy weakeneſſe and my worth appeare:
O hadſt thou kept the path by me begunne,
That other impious race thou hadſt not runne:
In wayes of vice thy ſteps I did not guide,
Onely for vertue *Ouerburie* di'd:
But had ingratitude no further gone,
I had not wail'd with many a piteous grone
Theſe poyſoned limbes; O how will future times
Bluſhing to heare ſuch execrable crimes

Beleeue report, when then it ſhall be ſaid,
Thou waſt that man, that man that me betray'd,
That ſauage man, that wanting meanes or heart,
Or rather both to meete with my deſert,
Too cruell didſt deuiſe to ſtop my breath,
To end thy care, and my deare life by death:
Death, oh no death, but thouſand deathes in one,
For had it bin but meere priuation
Of loued life, my greiued Ghoaſt had fled
Without ſuch paine and anguiſh to the dead:
O wretched foes! why did yee take delight
To excerciſe your hate with ſuch deſpight
Vpon a guiltleſſe man? what had I done?
But that yee might, when as ye firſt begunne,
Your tragicke plot, and did my life awaite,
With ſingle death haue ſatisfied your hate?
Was it, ah was it not enough to giue
One poyſon firſt, and then to let me liue?
Till ye did pleaſe to giue an other, then,
An other, and an other; but as men,
All made of flint, to laugh my plaints to ſcorne,
And ſcoffe at me, while I alas did mourne:

When

When in my chamber walls, the very ſtones
Sweat droppes for teares to heare my greiuous grones;
As ſenceleſſe, they would ſimpathize my woes,
Though my ſad cries were muſicke to my foes.
Let ages paſt vntill the worlds firſt day,
Shew all records of antique times, and ſay
If euer any did by poyſon die,
That at his death had greater wrong then I.
It was not one dayes ſpace, nor two, nor three,
In which thoſe cruell men tormented me;
Month after month, they often did inſtill
The diuers natures of that banefull ill
Throughout theſe limbs; inducing me to thinke,
That what I tooke in Phyſicke, meate, or drinke,
Was to reſtore me to my health; when all
Was but with lingring death to worke my fall.
Oh how my Ghoaſt doth quake, when it ſurueyes
This fatall houſe, where I did end my daies!
And trembles, as it ſuffered now againe,
Onely to thinke vpon that woefull paine;
When the ſlow poyſon ſecretly did creepe
Through all my veines, and as it went, did ſweepe

All

All eaſe with paine, all reſt with griefe away,
From euery corner of my houſe of clay:
Then did I loath my life, but could not die,
Sometimes to God, ſometimes to men I crie
To giue me eaſe of my tormenting hell,
Whoſe paine no pen can write, no tongue can tell:
In vaine my tongue thou vttred'ſt forth my cries
To wicked men, with teare-tormented eyes;
In vaine mine eies in you the teares did ſtand,
While I to heauen for helpe did lift my hand;
In vaine my hands were ye ſtretcht forth to heauen,
My time was ſet, my life to death was giuen:
Tongue, eyes, and hands did often plead in vaine,
Nothing but death could eaſe me of my paine:
And death at laſt to my deſire did yeeld,
Who with ſuch furious force did take the field
T'aſſayle my ſoule, that 'gainſt his matchleſſe might,
In greater torment neuer man did fight;
With poiſon'd dart be at my life did ſtrike,
The venome ſeazing on me vulture-like,
With torment tore my entrayles; thence did runne
Into my vaines, and boyling there begunne

A freſh

A freſh aſſault, which beeing a while withſtood
By natures force, at laſt did ſeaze my blood:
Then victor-like, poſſeſt of euery part,
It did aſſaile my yet not yeelding heart,
The ſoules cheife ſeate, where hauing vanquiſht all
The powers of life, while I to God did call
For grace and mercy, after ſad ſighs giuen
With greiuous grones, my ſoule fled hence to heauen.
O thou ſad monument of *Norman* yoke,
Whoſe great foundation hee, whoſe conquering ſtroke
Did ſtoope our neckes to *Norman* rule [e] firſt laid,
Looke thy records of thoſe, to death betray'd
Within thy fatall chambers, and there ſee
If any murdered, loſt his life like mee.
Thoſe royall roſes of *Plantagineſt*,
Which that white boare of [f] Yorke, that bloody beaſt
Hath rooted vp, within thoſe walls of thine,
In death felt little paine compar'd to mine:
Thou knoweſt that [g] King, ſon to that kingly Knight,
Beneath whoſe ſword in *Agincourts* great fight,
France fell vpon her knees, thy flore did ſtaine
With his deare blood, by bloody *Richard* ſlaine:

e Out of a regiſter booke of the acts of the Biſhop of *Rochester* in *Stowes* ſuruay.

f *Richard* the third.

g *Henry* the fift.

Thou didſt looke on, when *Clarence* blood was ſhed,
And didſt behold, how hee poore Duke halfe dead,
Yet bleeding freſh, in Malmeſie-but was dround,
Whoſe body ſithence neuer could be found:
[b] Thou ſawſt when [b] *Tirrels* bloody ſlaues did ſmother *b Sir Iames Tirrell*
This kingdomes vncrownd King, and his young brother:
Thoſe princely babes of Yorke, thou heardſt them crie,
When they betwixt the ſheets did ſtrangled die;
But to their paine death did ſwift end aſſigne,
Thou know'ſt their greifes were not ſo great as mine.
T'was not for naught, that thy firſt builders hand
Did temper [i] blood with burned lime and ſand, *i Cementa cum ſanguine miscebant, quia ita temperata, ut ſaith Fitz Stephen apud Iohan. Stow.*
So to conglutinate thy ſtony maſſe,
And bring the Conquerours will and worke to paſſe:
Well may it be, thy walls with blood were built,
Where ſo much guiltleſſe blood hath ſince bin ſpilt.
But here an end of all my paine and woe,
Death ſhuts vp all our greateſt greifes, for ſo
All men would thinke; but paſt all thought of minde,
My greateſt greife, alas, is yet behind.
Oh why ſhould fierceſt beaſt of all the wood,
When hee hath ſlaine his foe, and lickt his blood,

End

End hate in death, and man with man in ſtriſe,
Not end his malice with the ende of life?
Can they be men and lords of beaſts, that beare
Their Makers image, and will yet not feare
That ill, which beaſts abhorre in brutiſh minde?
Men, O no men, but monſters againſt kind:
Such monſters were my tyger-hearted foes,
Who vnremorſefull of my forepaſt woes,
When from their cruell hands my ſoule was fled,
Did with their tongues purſue me beeing dead;
And yet not dead, for heauen ſuch grace doth giue,
My ſoule in heauen, my name on earth doth liue:
My name, as great *Apollo's* flowring bay
Lookes greene when winter cladsthe earth in gray,
Did flouriſh, blowne vpon by fames faire breath,
In euery eye, long time before my death;
When my proud foes of great and glorious name,
Were blaſted by the breath of foule defame:
At good report, that on her golden wings
Did beare my name, their tongue like adder-ſtings
Did ſhoot foule ſlanders poyſon, ſo to ſpill
The fame with foule defame, as they did kill

My body with foule death, that men might loath
My liuing name, and my dead body both,
False rumour, that mad monſter, who ſtill beares
More tongues about with her, then men haue eares,
With ſcandall they did arme, and ſent her out
Into the world, to ſpread thoſe lies about;
That thoſe loath'd ſpots, marks of their poyſning ſinne,
Which di'd with vgly marble, paint the skinne
Of my dead body, were the marks moſt iuſt
Of angry heau'ns fierce wrath for my foule luſt:
O barbarous cruelty! oh more then ſhame
Of ſhameleſſe foes! with luſt to blaſt my name,
When wonder t'was, heauens iudgement did not ſeaze
Their wanton bodies, with that great diſeaſe,
Since death to me by poyſon they did giue,
That they in am'rous iolity might liue.
Now when falſe rumours breath throughout the court
And citty both, had blowne this falſe report,
Many, that oft before approu'd my name
With praiſe for vertue, bluſht, as if the ſhame
Of my ſuppoſed vice, thus giuen forth,
Did argue their weake iudgement of my worth;

My

My friends look't pale with anger, and my foes
Did laugh, to ſee too light beleeſe cauſe thoſe
That lou'd me once, to loath that little duſt
I left behind me, as a lumpe of luſt.
O moſt inhumane wrong! O endleſſe greefe!
Q ſad redreſſe! where ſorrowes beſt releeſe
Is but dead hope, that helpe may chance be found
With thoſe that liue, to cure my credits wound:
For this, my reſtleſſe ghoaſt hath left the graue,
And ſtole through couert ſhades of night, to craue
Thy pens aſſiſtance, *(O thou mortall wight)*
Whoſe mournefull Muſe, but whilome did recite
Our Brittaine Princes, and their wofull fates
In that true *(Mirrour for our Magiſtrates.)*
O let thy pen paint out my tragicke woe,
That by thy Muſe all future times may know
My ſtories truth, who hearing thy ſad ſong,
At leaſt, may pitty *Ouerburies* wrong.
This ſaid, the grieued ghoaſt with ſighs did ceaſe
His rufull plaints, and as in deepe diſtreſſe,
Vnder the *Towers gate* with me he ſtood,
This accident befell on *Thames* great flood.

South by this houſe, where on the wharfe faſt by
Thoſe thundering Canons euer ready lie,
A docke there is, which like a darkeſome caue
Archt ouer-head, lets in *Thames* flowing waue,
Vnder whoſe *Arch*, oft haue condemned men,
As through the *Stygian lake*, tranſported been
Into this fatall houſe, which euermore
For treaſon hoards vp torturing racks in ſtore:
At landing of this place, an yron gate
Locks vp the paſſage, and ſtill keeping ſtraite
The guilty priſoners, opens at no time
But when falſe treaſon, or ſome horrid crime
Knocks at the ſame, from whence by lawes iuſt doome,
Condemned men but ſeldome backe do come:
(What ere thou art may chance to paſſe that way,
And view that place, vnto thy ſelfe, thus ſay;
God keepe me faithfull to my Prince and ſtate,
That I may neuer paſſe this *yron* gate:)
There in the docke the flood that ſeem'd to gape,
Did ſuddenly giue vp a dreadfull ſhape,

A man



Wiſtes ghoſt.

A man of megar lookes, deuoy'd of blood,
Vpon whoſe face deaths pale complexion ſtood;
Of comely ſhape, and wel compoſ'd in limme,
But ſlender made, of viſage ſterne and grimme;
The haires vpon his head and griſly beard
With age growne hoarie, here and there appear'd;
Times iron hand with many a wrinckled fret,
The marks of age, vpon his front had ſet:

The deſcription of Wiſtes.

Yet

Yet as it did appeare, vntimely death
For ſome foule fact had ſtopt his vitall breath
With that great ſhame, which giues offence the cheeke,
The fatall rope, that hung about his necke:
Trembling vpon his knees in great affright,
When he faſt by beheld the poyſned Knight,
He humbly fell, and with ſad greife oppreſt,
Wringing his hands, and beating on his breaſt,
While ſorrowes droppes vpon his cheekes did run,
To vtter forth theſe words, he thus begun.

O worthy Knight, behold the wretched man,
Who thy ſad Tragedies firſt ſceane began,
Through whoſe each act, vnto this laſt blacke deede,
With bloody minde, vnbleſt, I did proceede:
My hands, alas, did mixe the poiſned food,
Which kindled cruell fire in thy blood;
Mine eares did heare thy lamentable grones,
When the ſlow-working-poyſon wrackt thy bones;
Mine eies without one droppe of ſorrow ſhed,
Beheld thee dying, and beheld thee dead;
For which both hands, eyes, eares, and every part,
Haue ſuffered death, and conſcience bitter-ſmart.

I was

I was that inſtrument, alas the while,
By thy great foes inſtructed to beguile
Thy lingring hopes their mighty ſtate did whet
Mee on in miſcheiſe, and their bounty ſet
A golden edge vpon my dull conſent,
At once to worke thy fall, and their content.
The doctrine of that *Whoore*, that would diſpence
With ſubiects for the murther of a Prince,
Taught me that luſt and blood were ſlender crimes,
And he that ſerues his turne, muſt ſerue the times.
Oh had I neuer knowne that [k] *Doctors* houſe, k Doct. Turner.
Where firſt of that *Whoores* cup I did carouſe,
And where diſloyalty did oft conceale
Romes frighted rattes, that ouer ſeas did ſteale;
My thoughts perhaps, had then not giuen way,
Thy life for gold with poyſon to betray.
But yee that doe, and who doe not condem
My blacke offences? when yee thinke on them,
In ſuch imaginations, ponder too
What with weake man, the power of gold may doe.
Ye ſeruile ſycophants, whoſe hopes depend
On great mens wills; what is the vtmoſt end

At which ye aime? why doe ye like baſe curres,
Vpon your Patron fawne? why like his ſpurres,
Will ye be euer ready at his heeles,
With pleaſing words to clawe him, where he feels
The humour itch? or why, will ye ſo waite,
As to lie downe and kiſſe the feete of ſtate?
And oft expoſe your ſelues to wretched ends,
Looſing your ſoules to make great men your friends?
Is it not wealth yee ſeeke? and doth not gold
Ingenuous wittes ofttimes in bondage hold?
The ſtout ſea-rangers on the fearefull flood,
That hunt about through *Neptunes* waterie wood,
And o're a thouſand rockes and ſands, that lie
Hid in the deepe, from pole to pole doe flie;
Who often, when the ſtormy Ocean raues,
Fights with fierce thunders, lightnings, winds and waues,
Hauing but one ſmall inch of boord, to ſtand
Betwixt them and ten thouſand deaths at hand,
Expoſe themſelues to all this woe and paine,
To quench the greedy thirſt of golden gaine.
O ſtrong inchauntment of bewitching gold!
For this, the Syre by his owne ſonne is ſold,

For

For this, the vnkind brother ſells the brother,
For this, one friend is often by an other
Betray'd to death; yea euen for this, the wife
Both ſells her beauty, and her husbands life:
And I, ay me, for this did worke thy fall
By poyſons helpe, hauing this hope withall,
That great mens greatnes, would haue boren out
My crime, though knowne, againſt all dangers doubt.
But now too late, my wretched ghoaſt doth proue,
That his all-ſeeing eye from heauen aboue,
To whom blacke darkeneſſe ſelfe, is far more cleare
Then the bright ſunne, makes guiltleſſe blood appeare
Out of our deepeſt plots, to murthers ſhame,
Though greateſt men doe ſeeke to hide the ſame.
Ye hapleſſe inſtruments of mighty mens
Ye ſpunges, whom the hands of greatnes, when
That they by you haue wiped out the ſpot
Of that diſgrace, which did their honour blot,
Do ſqueeze ſo long, vntill that ye be drie,
And then as needleſſe things doe caſt ye by:
Where one of theſe your ſeruice would imploy,
Our makers heauenly image to deſtroy,

By violence of death in other men,
Thereby with blood to ſatisfie his ſpleen:
O do not truſt the hopes of ſuch a man,
Nor thinke his policie or power can
Hoodwinke all-ſeeing heauen, nor euer drowne
The crie of blood, which brings ſwift vengeance downe.
When many men, but one mans life will ſpill,
Their liues for his, heauen euermore doth will.
Offend in murder, and in murder die,
No crime to heauen, ſo loud as blood doth crie.
In other wrongs, when man doth man offend,
We reſtitution may in part pretend:
But where the wrong is done by murthers knife,
No price for blood the Law ſayes, life for life.
The eye of wakefull iuſtice, for a ſeaſon
May ſeeme to winke at murthers bloody treaſon;
Yet from the houre of ſo blacke a deede,
The worme of conſcience on the ſoule doth feede:
And dreadfull furies, whoſe imagin'd ſight
In euery place, doth horribly affright
The guilty man, purſue the ſteps that flie,
While ſwift-wing'd vengeance makes the hue and crie.
Iuſtice to me did ſeeme to ſleepe a while,
And with delay did all my hopes beguile;
But in ſhort time now in my riper yeares,

When

When grauer age on my gray head appeares,
Death and reproach attach't my life and name,
To bring me to my graue with greater ſhame:
To you therefore that hunger after gold,
To you, whom hope of great mens grace makes bold
In any great offence, henceforth let me
For euermore a ſad enſample be.
This ſaid, he ſighing ſhrunke into the flood,
And in a moments ſpace, an other ſtood



Miſt. Tower ghoſt.

The deſcription of Iſtifi. Turner.

In the ſame place; but ſuch a one whoſe ſight
With more compaſſion moou'd the poyſned Knight:
It ſeem'd that ſhee had been ſome gentle dame,
For on each part of her faire bodies frame,
Nature ſuch delicacie did beſtow,
That fairer obiect oft it doth not ſhow:
Her chryſtall eye beneath an yuorie brow,
Did ſhew what ſhee at firſt had been; but now
The roſes on her louely cheekes were dead,
The earths pale colour had all ouer-ſpread
Her ſometimes liuely looke, and cruell death
Comming vntimely, with his wintrie breath
Blaſted the fruit, which cherrie-like in ſhowe
Vpon her dainty lips did whilome growe:
O how the cruell cord did miſ-become
Her comely necke, and yet by Lawes iuſt doome
Had been her death: thoſe locks like golden thred
That wont in youth t'enſhrine her globe-like head,
Hung careleſſe downe; and that delightfull limme,
Her ſnow-white nimble hand, that wont to trimme
Their treſſes vp, now ſpitefully did teare
And rend the ſame: nor did ſhe now forbeare

To

To beate that breaſt of more then lilly white,
Which ſometimes was the lodge of ſweete delight:
From thoſe two ſprings where ioy did whilome dwell,
Griefes pearly droppes vpon her pale cheeks fell,
And after many ſighes, at laſt with weake
And fainting voyce, ſhee thus did ſilence breake.
Thou gentle Knight, whoſe wrongs I now repent,
Behold a wofull wretch, that did conſent
In thy ſad death: for I, alas therefore
By gold my ſeruant did ſuborne to pore
That death into thy cup, thy diſh, thy diet,
Whoſe paine too long did rob thy ghoaſt of quiet:
Yet neither thirſt of gold, nor hate to thee
For iniuries receiu'd, incenſed me
To ſeeke thy life; but loue, deare loue to thoſe
That were my friends, and thy too deadly foes:
With them in Court my ſtate I did ſupport,
Ah, that my ſtate had neuer known the Court!
Vertue and vice I there together ſawe,
But like the ſpider, I was taught to drawe
Foule poyſon, where ſweet hony might bee had,
And how to leaue the good, and chuſe the bad:

At laſt, through greedy going on in ſinne
Made ſenſeleſſe, by degrees I did beginne
To riſe from great to greater, till at laſt
Mine owne ſinnes did mine owne deſtruction haſt.
O heauy doome! when heauen ſhall ſo decree,
That ſinne in man the plague of ſinne muſt bee.
But here let chaſteſt beauties when they blame
My follies moſt, and bluſh to heare my ſhame,
Remember then beſt beauties are but fraile,
And how that ſtrongeſt men do oft aſſaile
Our weakeſt ſelues; ſo may they pitty me,
And my ſad fall may their fore-warning be.
Yee tender offspring of that rib, refin'd
By Gods owne finger, and by him aſſign'd
To be a helpe, and not a hurt to man;
How is it poſſible your beauties can
Be pure from blemiſh, treading ſuch vaine wayes
As now you doe in theſe prophaner dayes?
Muſt fleſh that is ſo fraile ſtill feare to fall,
And ye the fraileſt fleſh not feare at all?
Can ye, ah can ye, with vaine thoughts to pleaſe
Your wanton ſoules, on yuorie beddes of eaſe

Spend

Spend pretious time, and yet ſuppoſe in this
Ye doe no ill, nor thinke one thought amiſſe?
Can ye to catch the wandring thoughts of him
Whom ye affect, decke euery dainty lim,
Powder your haire, and more to pleaſe the eye,
Refreſh your paler cheekes with purer die,
Lay out your breaſts; and in the glaſſe thus dreſt,
Obſerue what ſmile, or frowne becomes yee beſt?
And yet not feare heau'ns iudgement in the end,
At leaſt in this, not thinke ye doe offend?
Can ye on wanton meates to mooue deſire,
Though of your ſelues too full of *Paphian* fire,
Feede euery houre, and when hot blood begins
To hurrie you vnto thoſe horrid ſinnes,
That ſpots your beddes, your bodies, and your names,
Blot your blacke ſoules with many greater blames?
And yet not thinke, ye doe deſerue heauens hate,
At leaſt to turne, doe thinke no time too late?
O doe not ſooth your ſelues in theſe foule crimes,
Heare not the tongue of theſe inchanting times:
Your too much idle eaſe, which opes the gate
To vitious thoughts, I know is counted ſtate:

Vpon your curious pride and vaine aray,
Fond men the name of cleanlines do lay:
Your luſt whoſe ſparkles, in your eyes doe ſhine,
On wanton youth, is called loue diuine:
Thus they that would for each foule faule excuſe you.
And turne your vice to vertue, doe abuſe you.
But be ye not ſo blinded, looke on me,
And let my ſtory in your cloſets be
As the true glaſſe, which there you looke vpon,
That by my life, ye may amend your owne.
Obſerue each ſtep, when firſt I did begin
To tread the path, that lead from ſin to ſin,
Vntill my moſt vnhappie foote did lite,
In guiltleſſe blood of this impoiſned Knight:
After I had in Court begun to taſt
Of idle eaſe, I daily fedde ſo faſt
Vpon falſe pleaſure, that at laſt I did
Climbe *Citharæas* hill, like wanton kid
In fertile paſtures playing; naught did feare me,
I thought that roaring Lyon would not teare me.
Two darling ſinnes, too common and too foule,
With their delights did then bewitch my ſoule:

Firſt pride aray'd me in her looſe attires,
Fed my fond fancie fat with vaine deſires,
Taught me each faſhion, brought me ouer-ſeas
Each new deuiſe, the humorous time to pleaſe:
But of all vaine inuentions, then in vſe
When I did liue, none ſuffer'd more abuſe
Then that phantaſticke vgly fall and ruffe,
Daub'd o're with that baſe ſtarch of yellow ſtuffe:
O that my words might not be counted vaine,
But that my counſell might find entertaine
With thoſe, whoſe ſoules are tainted with the itch
Of this diſeaſe, whom pride doth ſo bewitch,
That they doe thinke it comely, not amiſſe:
Then would they caſt it off, and ſay, it is
The baud to pride, the badge of vanity,
Whoſe very ſight doth murther modeſtie,
Ye then deteſting it, they all would knowe,
Some wicked wit did fetch it from belowe,
That here they might expreſſe by this attire
The colour of thoſe wheeles of Stygian fire,
Which prides plũg'd ofſpring with ſnake-powdred haire,
About their necks in *Platoes* Court doe weare.

Thus pride, the pandar to luxurious thoughts,
Did guide me by the hand through those close vaults,
That lead to lusts darke chambers, darke as night,
The eyes of lust doe ne're abide the light.
But here perhaps some curious dame, who knowes
No good, but what her outward habit showes,
Will iudge my true complaint, as most vniust,
In that I call her pride, the band to lust:
But had her bodie windowes in each side,
That each one might behold her heart of pride,
There might one see the cause, why she doth trimme,
Tricke vp, and decke defects in euery limme;
And hauing seene the same, may iustly say,
Her loose attire doth her loose mind bewray.
Of this the sad effects of yore were seene
In Lady[k] *Alfrith*, sometimes Englands Queene,
Whose Lord Earle *Etheluald*, at first held deare
To her affection: when that he did heare
That his great Sou'raigne, royall *Edgar*, hee
Whom eight Kings row'd vpon the riuer *Dee*,
Vnto his house did purpose to repaire,
Knowing his deerest Lady wondrous faire,

[k] Raphael Holin shed in his 11 Story of K. Eng land.

And

And the King young and wanton, did deſire
That ſhee would lay aſide her rich attire,
And chooſing meaner weeds, her art apply
To dimme that beautie which did pleaſe the eye:
But ſhee, inconſtant Lady, knowing well,
That beauty moſt ſet forth, doth moſt excell;
As precious ſtones when they are ſet in gold,
Are then moſt faire and glorious to behold;
Arai'd her ſelfe in all her proud attire,
To ſet victorious Edgars heart on fire:
Who caught like ſilly flie into the flame,
At ſuddaine ſight of ſuch a dainty dame,
To coole the heat of his luſt-burning will,
Her wronged husbands guiltleſſe blood did ſpill.
With pride thus taſting of that wanton cup
Which luſt did giue me, I was giuen vp
To looſe deſire: which bruitiſh ſinne, ſince here
In it's owne ſhape it may not well appeare,
Leaſt it offend all modeſt eyes and eares,
I onely doe lament with my true teares:
Yet giue me leaue, in ſome few words to tell
This wanton world, into what horrid hell

Of wicked ſinnes, foule luſt did make me fall,
That vnchaſt youth from luſt I may recall.
As euery euill humour, which is bred
In humane bodies, couets to be fed
With that ill nutriment which doth increaſe
The ſame, vntill it grow to ſome diſeaſe
Incurable; ſo did my looſe deſire
In vaine delights, ſeeke fewell for the fire
So long, vntill (aye me) vnto my ſhame
It did burſt forth, and burne me in the flame.
I left my God t'aske counſell of the deuill,
I knew there was no helpe from God in euill:
As they that goe on whooring vnto hell,
From thence to fetch ſome charme or magicke ſpell,
So ouer *Thames*, as o're th' infernall lake,
A wherrie with their oares I oft did take,
Who *Charon*-like did waft me to that *Strand*,
Where *Lambeths* towne to all well knowne doth ſtand;
There *Forman* was, that fiend in humane ſhape,
That by his art did act the deuills ape:
Oft there the blacke Inchanter, with ſad lookes
Sate turning ouer his blaſphemous bookes,

Making

Making ſtrange characters in blood-red lines:
And to effect his horrible deſignes,
Oft would he inuocate the fiends below,
In the ſad houſe of endleſſe paine and woe,
And threaten them, as if he could compell
Thoſe damned ſpirits to confirme his ſpell.
O prophane wretches! ye that doe forſake
Your faith, your God, and your owne ſoules, to take
Aduiſe of Sorcerers, againe to finde
Some trifle loſt; why will ye be ſo blind
On ſome baſe beldam for loſt things to fawne?
To gaine whoſe loſſe, ye leaue your ſoules in pawne.
Too many, too much wronged by the time,
Do thinke this great idolatrie no crime;
But let them marke the path which they do tread,
And they ſhall ſee, that in it they are lead
From hope and helpe, to hurt and all annoy,
From him that made, to him that doth deſtroy.
But without mercie here, let no ſterne eye
Looke on my faults; alas for charity,
Let all with pitty my offence bemone,
Since that it was not my offence alone:

The

The ſtrongeſt ſoone doe ſlip, as I did fall,
For woe is me, I was ſeduc'd to all.
Yee that deteſt my now detected ſhame,
And thinke that ye ſhall neuer meet the ſame,
Thinke how the friendſhip, and the auncient loue
Of ſome great Lady long enioy'd may mooue:
And thinke with that, how much the riſing ſtate
Of ſome great man, my ſex might animate:
I was not baſe, but borne of gentle blood,
My nature of it ſelfe inclin'd to good,
But wormes in faireſt fruit doe ſooneſt breed,
Of heauenly grace beſt natures haue moſt neede.
Iuſt heauen did ſuffer me, as I begunne
To haſten on from vice to vice, and runne
My ſelfe in ſinnefull race quite out of breath,
That ſinne at laſt might puniſh ſinne by death:
For when thoſe wantons, whoſe vniuſt deſire
Had vrg'd me on ſo farre, that to retire
I knew was vaine, as I before to luſt
Had beene a miniſter, ſo now I muſt
Ioyne hands in blood, which they did plot and ſtudy:
O who would thinke that women-kind were bloody!

But

But when our chaſtitie we doe forgoe,
That loſt, what then will wee refuſe to doe?
This did that Romane proud [m] *Seianus* know,
Who hating *Druſus* as his deadly foe,
And baſely ſeeking to betray his life,
Did firſt allure faire *Liuia Druſa's* wife
To poyſon her owne Lord, that in his ſtead
The baſe *Seianus* might enioy his bedde;
Who raiſ'd by *Cæſar* from ignoble place,
In *Liuiaes* luſtfull eie did finde more grace
Then *Druſus, Cæſars* ſonne, a manly youth:
O who knowes how to feed a womans tooth!
In miſchiefe I went on, and did agree
To be an actor in thy Tragedie,
Thou iniur'd ghoſt; yet was I but a mute,
And what I did was at an others ſuite:
Their plots I ſaw, and ſilent kept the ſame,
For which my life did ſuffer death and ſhame;
For ſee, ah ſee, this cord about my necke,
Which time ſometime with pretious things did decke,
Reuenge hath done, and Iuſtice hath her due,
Let none then wrong the dead, let all with you
O gentle knight, forget my great offence,
Which I haue purg'd with teares of penitence:
For thouſand liuing eyes with teares could tell,

[m] *Tacitus annal. lib. 4. c. 1.*

That from my eies true teares of ſorrow fell:
Then iudge my cauſe with charitable minde,
Who mercie ſeekes with faith, ſhall mercie finde.
This ſaid, ſhe vaniſht from before our ſight,
I thinke to heauen, and thinke, I thinke aright.
She gone, the poyſon'd ghoaſt did ſeeme with teares
To chide her fate: but loe, there ſtraight appeares

The Leiftenants ghoaſt.



An

An other in her place, who ſeem'd to be
When he did liue, ſome man of good degree
Mongſt men on earth; one of ſo ſolemne looke,
As if true grauity that place had tooke
To dwell vpon; his perſon comely was,
His ſtature did the meaner ſize ſurpaſſe;
Well ſhapt in euery limme; well ſtept in yeares,
As here and there appear'd by ſome gray haires.
When firſt he did appeare, with wofull looke
He view'd the Tower, and his head he ſhooke,
As if from thence he did deriue his woe,
Which with a ſigh he thus begun to ſhow.
O thou ſad building, ominous to thoſe
Whom with thy fatall walls thou doſt incloſe,
For thee, I hapleſſe man, as for the ende
Of my deſire, did falſly condiſcend
Vnto that plot, by others heads begun,
Through which in thee ſuch wrong was lately done.
Thou that didſt poyſon'd feele thy foes deſpight,
See here the ghoaſt of that vnhappy Knight,
Which whilome was Leiftenant of this place,
Though now a wretch, thus haltred with diſgrace.

The deſcription of Sir Iames Bl. Knight, the late Leiftenant of the Tower.

I was, alas, what boots it that I was,
Of good report, and did with credit paſſe
Through euery act of my liues tragedie,
Vpon this world the ſtage of vanity,
Till the laſt ſceane of blood by others plotted,
Concluding ill, my name and credit blotted.
I muſt confeſſe I did connive at thoſe
That were the miniſters to thy proud foes,
Cloſely imployd by them thy life to ſpill
By ſecret poyſon, though againſt my will:
Feare of their greatneſſe, and no hate to thee,
Inforſt my coward conſcience to agree.
When firſt to me this plot they did impart,
O what a tedious combate in my heart,
Vnto my ſoule did feelingly appeare,
T'wixt my ſad conſcience, and a doubtfull feare:
Feare ſaid that if I did reueale the fame,
Thoſe great ones great in grace, would turne the ſhame
Vpon my head, but conſcience ſaid againe,
That if I did conceale it, murders ſtaine
Would ſpot my ſoule as much for my conſent,
As if at firſt it had bin my intent:

Feare

Feare ſaid that if the ſame I did diſclose,
The countenance of greatnes I ſhould loſe,
And be thruſt out of office and of place,
But conſcience ſaid that I ſhould loſe that grace
And fauour, which my God to me had giuen,
And be perhaps thruſt euer out of heauen.
Long theſe two champions did maintaine the field,
Till my weake conſcience at the laſt did yeild:
O let thoſe men that doe condemne my feare
And follie, moſt in their remembrance beare,
What certaine danger ſtood on either ſide
As I ſhould paſſe, and how I ſhould haue dide
In either way, at leaſt with ſome great fall
For euer haue been cauſe and thinke withall,
How prone our nature is in feare, to reſt
Vpon thoſe ſeeming hopes that promiſe beſt.
I ſpeake not this to mitigate my ſinne,
O no, I wiſh my fall may others winne
From the like feare, and that my life may be
A preſident to men of ſuch degree,
To whom authoritie doth thinke it fit,
The truſt of ſuch a function to commit.

Let ſuch men to remember ſtill be moou'd,
That which by ſad experience I haue proou'd;
T'is good to feare great men, but yet 'tis better
Euer to feare God more, ſince God is greater:
If Gods good Angel had imprinted this
Into my thoughts, I had not thought amiſſe;
Nor I, vnhappie I, ſhould haue conſented,
But all this miſcheiſe I had then preuented.
Here ſome perhaps will thinke the former race
Of my ſad life, t'haue beene deboſht and baſe,
Becauſe at laſt it had ſo baſe an ende;
But for our ſelues, might modeſtie contend
In oppoſition, I might iuſtly ſay,
How many now liue glorious at this day,
Whoſe honour greater ſtaines doe daily ſpot,
Then any which my former life did blot:
Yet thoſe my crimes which did my God offend,
For which his finger did point out this ende,
Vnto my life I'le ſhew, though to my ſhame,
That others as from death may flie the ſame.
Note. My Father, from whoſe life my breath I drewe,
When ſicke vpon his bed he lay, and knewe

That

That at his doore of flesh deaths hand did knocke,
And did perceiue weake nature would vnlocke
To let him in, did with his blessing giue
This charge to me, that I while I did liue
Should neuer seeke for office at the Court,
But with that meanes be left my state support:
With reuerence his will I did obey,
Vntill (O that I might not tell the day)
In which I did with greedy eie affect
That place in this great Tower, without respect
To my dead Syres beheſt; yet since it was
A touch to conſcience, on I would not paſſe
Vntill by ſome I was reſolu'd amiſſe,
That as in other things, ſo I in this
Which in it ſelfe was of indifference
And lawfull vnto others, might diſpence
With my obedience to my Fathers will,
And that mine owne intent I might fulfill:
Yet one there is (O euer may he be
Belou'd of heau'n for his great loue to me)
Who by the light of truth did ſhow the way
Which I ſhould goe, but I did not obey:

Ambitious mist did blinde my weaker eyes,
I thought by this preferment I should rise;
Yet no desert but gold did gaine me grace,
Mine owne corruption purchas'd me that place:
For brib'rie in the soule a blemish makes
Of him that gives, as well as him that takes,
And bribing hands that give, must guiltie be
Of their owne want of worth: for who, but hee
That in himselfe the want of merit findes,
Will be the bande to base corrupted mindes?
Ye, that neglect performance of the will
Of your dead parents, thinking it no ill
To disobey their precepts, now in me
The curse of disobedience ye may see:
And yee whose golden fingers, as in sport,
Like lime-twiggs catch at offices in Court,
In which obtain'd ye ever after line
Corrupt in minde, to gaine what ye did give;
Behold, vntimely death his disgrace fall comes
About this necke, my bribing hands reward.
Before this suddaine, and vnlookt for fate
Did fall thus heavy on me, which my sinne

Did

Did flouriſh among men, to mind I call
An accident of note which then did fall. Note.
Bewitcht with loue to that too common vice
In this our age, of hazardy and dice,
I looſing once my coine (for few thereby
Haue euer gainers beene) did wiſh that I
When I againe did vſe the dice, might come
To die this ſhamefull death, which by the doome
Of righteous heau'n, againe I vſing game,
As I had wiſht, to mee vnlook't for came.
Vaine gameſters that too commonly vſe
Strange deprecations, when ye doe abuſe
Your ſelues in game, by my ſad fall take heede,
And let your word be euer as your deede;
Leaſt your hand meete mine in the ſelfe-ſame diſh,
For heau'n doth often heare when men doe wiſh.
But of no ſinne had my moſt ſinnefull ſoule
Beene euer ſicke, yet this one ſinne moſt ſoule,
This act of poyſon, to my houſe a ſtaine,
With future times for euer ſhall remaine:
The die of blood on murderers hand doth ſtay,
No teares, no time, can wipe the ſame away;

But if true teares of ſorrow may with you,
(As all true ſorrowes teares with heauen may doe)
Mooue pittifull regard of my ſad fall,
Ye then remembring how I fell withall,
Will out of charity, with leſſer blame
Cenſure my fault, when ye ſhall heare the ſame:
Thus quit by death from doome of Law, and heauen
Out of free mercy hauing me forgiuen,
Let all calumnious tongues their mallice ceaſe,
That ſo my ſoule may euer liue in peace:
O let the world abate her ſharpned tongue,
And ſince I haue done pennance for thy wrong
Thou wronged Knight, what can thy ghoaſt now craue?
Grieue thee no more, goe reſt thee in thy graue:
Thy foes decline, proud *Gaueſton* is downe,
No wanton *Edward* weares our *Englands* crowne.
This ſaid, he vaniſht; and an other flood
In the ſame place, midway aboue the flood,

Whoſe



Whoſe ſtrange demeanour with amazement ſtrooke
Vs that beheld him; for with ſtartled looke,
And haire ſtiffe ſtanding, as a man agaſt
He ſtar'd vpon the Knight, from whom in haſt
Into the flood he would haue ſhrunke away,
Had not, I thinke, that fury forſt his ſtay,
Which while he liu'd his guilty ſoule purſu'd,
Till he his owne offence had freely ſhew'd.

The deſcripti of Franſin.

A man he was of ſtature meanely tall,
His bodies lineaments true ſhap't, and all
His limbes compacted well and ſtrongly knit,
Natures kind hand no errour made in it;
His beard was ruddie hewe, and from his head
A wanton locke it ſelfe did downe diſpread
Vpon his backe, to which while he did liue
Th' ambiguous name of Elfe-locke he did giue:
And now fantaſticke frenzie, as before
When he did liue, did ſeeme to vex him ſore;
The ſhamefull rope which 'bout his ſhoulders hung,
Hither and thither careleſly he flung,
And as a catiffe of that curſed crewe,
Whom ſad deſpaire doth after death purſue,
Howling and yelling, while the teares did run
Downe by his cheekes, at laſt he thus begun.
Since that ſlie ſerpent of ſoule-ſlaying-ſin,
Which feedes vpon the guiltie minde within
Each wicked breaſt, doth force me to reueale
Vnto my ſhame, what I did long conceale:
Giue eare, ye curſed Atheiſts all that been,
Ye vnbeleeuing dogges in ſhape of men,

That

That thinke the name of God and his great Lawe,
But things deuis'd to keepe the world in awe,
Who mocke the times laſt dreadfull day to come,
Which at the length your wicked deeds ſhall doome:
And ye blaſphemous Exorciſts, that are
With *Plutoes* factors ſo familiar
Here vpon earth, that ye each day doe deal
For tranſportation of blind ſoules to hell:
Whom fooles doe wiſemen call, giue eare to me,
And in my wretched fate your follies ſee.
I was (aye me, that ſtill I was not ſo)
When *Aprill* buddes of youth themſelues did ſhow
Vpon my chin, a Student in the Law,
From which fantaſticke thoughts my minde did drawe
To the more pleaſing ſtudie of that art
Of Phyſicke, to the which though little part
Of learning gaue me helpe, yet ſtrong deſire
To know that worthy ſcience, ſet on fire
The fond affection of my forward will,
To ſearch the ſecrets of that noble skill:
But he who from that faculkie ſhall fall,
To which inexitable fate did call

Him at the firſt, forſakes that happie way,
Which he ſhould go, and hapleſſe runnes aſtray:
Diſeaſ'd with vanities fantaſticke fittes,
Which ague-like doth vex our Engliſh wittes,
Who thinke at home all homely, and doe plough
Deepe furrowes vpon *Neptunes* waterie browe,
From forreine ſhoares to bring the worſt of bad,
And in exchange leaue there what good they had;
The ſeas I paſt to helpe out my weake skill
In th' *Aromatike* Art, but O the ill,
Which there our ignorant Engliſh oft do finde,
Did firſt corrupt my vncorrupted minde:
O vaine conceit of thoſe, that doe repute
In euery Art the moſt admired fruite
Of any braine; if of domeſticke wit,
But baſe and triuiall, if compar'd to it
Of forreine heads, that onely vs can pleaſe,
And ſuch hath beene our Englands old diſeaſe:
There did I finde, O neuer had I found,
Murthers cloſe way to kill my foe, the ground
Of that deuiſe (thou wronged Knight) whereby
Thou moſt vntimely wert inforſt to die:

There

There was I taught, with vaine words to command
The ſpirits from below, who ſtill at hand
Will ready bee, as ſeeming to obay
Thoſe ſoule-blind men, whom they doe moſt betray.
Thus hauing, as I thought, my minde enriche
With deepeſt knowledge, and with pride bewiche,
To blow that vaine blaſt on the trumpe of fame,
Which through the world I thought might beare my name,
I backe return'd for *England*, there to ſhowe
That wondrous skill, which I would ſeeme to knowe:
There as the Fowler doth with whiſtle call
The ſilly birds, vntill they hap to fall
Into his net; ſo did my name each day,
Once blowne abroad, lead ſimple fooles away
From helpfull heauen, to ſeeke aduiſe in hell,
And there for toyes themſelues and ſoules to ſell:
But in this path long thus I did not tread,
Which downe vnto the houſe of death doth lead,
Before that old ſlie ſerpent did beginne
T' entice me, to that ſelfe-accuſing ſinne
Of horrid murther, ſhewing me the way
By art of poyſon, cloſely to betray

What

What life to death I would, nor did he leaue
Vntill my ſoule he did ſo farre bereaue
Of euery feeling ſenſe, that wicked I
Did cloſely poyſon her, that vſ'd to lie
In mine owne boſome, that ſhee beeing dead
Might to me liuing leaue an empty bed:
After this fact, that to my guiltie ſoule
It might not as it was, ſeeme vgly foule,
My ſubtile foe did whiſper in my eare
Theſe ſeeming happy newes, how fame did beare
My name vpon her wings, with loud report
Of my ſtrange deedes as farre as to the Court;
Where hauing beene employ'd, I with all skill
Apply'd my ſelfe to pleaſe; no damned ill
I did refuſe, not making any doubt
While greatneſſe wings did compaſſe me about.
Forman that cunning Exorciſt and I,
Would many times our wicked wits apply
Kind nature in her working to diſturne
Of proper ſtrength; and by our ſpels would charme
Both men and women, making it our ſport
And play, to point at them in our report.

Thus

Thus fatted with falſe pleaſure for a while,
Still with good hope of hap, I did beguile
My ſelfe in all imployments, till at laſt
Thy death (thou iniur'd Knight) did with it haſt
My vnexpected fall: I was the man,
That did prepare thoſe poyſons, which began
And ended all thy paine, which I did giue
Vnto that man, who did attendant liue
On thee in thy diſtreſſe, who ſince that time
Was he, that firſt did ſuffer for this crime.
O what a ſuddaine change of chearefull thought
To ſadneſſe, ſelfe-accuſing conſcience brought
After this bloody deed: before all eaſe
Did ſeeme to waite on me; for what could pleaſe
Which I did want? that idol gold, which all
Or moſt men cloſely worſhip, ſeem'd to fall
As thicke vpon me, as the golden ſhower
That fell on *Danae* in the *Dardan* Tower.
Swimming in ſtreames of falſe delight, and prickt
With pride and ſelfe conceit, at heau'n I kickt:
The names of God, and Maker, I did ſleight
As bug-beare words the childiſh world t' affright:

I did impute the ſpheates eternall dance,
And all this all, to nature and to chaunce,
But all men laugh my follies vnto ſcorne:
For who ſo blinde, will ſay being mortall borne,
He hath a reaſon, and will yet denie
The ſame to this *Vniuerſalitie*,
Of which, alas, he is the leſſer part:
As who ſhould ſay, his feete, his hands, his heart
Might well be wiſe, and he himſelfe a foole,
Such is the wiſedome of th'Atheiſticke ſchoole.
The eye of heau'n, from whome no heart can hide
The ſecret thoughts, my cloſe intents eſpi'd;
And when I did with moſt inuentiue braine,
Deuiſe to wipe away my conſcience ſtaine,
And thy ſad death moſt cloſely to conceale,
Heauen forc'd myſelfe, mine owne ſelfe to reueale:
The ſhadowe of the dead, or ſome foule fiend,
Or furie, whom reuenge did iuſtly ſend
To puniſh me for my deteſted ſin,
With ſnakie whippes did ſcourge my ſoule within;
Forbidding me my reſt, or day, or night,
Till I had brought mine owne offence to light:

For

For which condemn'd vnto that shamefull end
Of strangling torment, still the frantick fiend
Did follow me vnto my liues last breath;
As was my life before so was my death.
This said, he vanisht, and with him that night
The vision ending, our empoysoned Knight
Thus spake: O *England*, O thrise happie land,
Who of all Iles most gracefully dost stand
Vpon this earths broad face, like *Venus* spot
Vpon her cheeke; thou onely garden plot,
Which as an other *Eden* heau'n hath chose,
In which the tree of life and knowledge growes:
Happie in all, most happie in this thing,
In having such a holy, happy King;
A King, whose faith in armes of proofe doth fight,
'Gainst that seuen-headed beast, and all his might:
A King, whose iustice will at last not faile,
To giue to each his owne in equall scale:
A King, whose loue doue-like with wings of fame,
To all the world doth happy peace proclame:
A King, whose faith, whose iustice, and whose loue,
Diuine, and more then royall, him doe prooue:
O thou iust King, how hath thy iustice shin'd
Vpon my iniur'd ghoast, which being confin'd
From hence for euer, neuer had, vnlesse

Thy iuſtice had become great, obtain'd redreſſe.
If earneſt prayers with heauen may ought auayle,
And earneſt prayers with heau'n doe ſeldome fayle;
Let all good men lift vp their eares with me,
That what I beg, of heau'n may granted be.
If euer heart with wicked thought, ſhall aime
To harme thy State, let heau'n reueale the ſame:
If euer hand lift vp with violent powre
Shall ſeeke thy life, heauen cut it off that houre:
If euer eye of treaſon lurke about,
Or lie in waite for thee, heau'n put it out:
If heart, hand, eye, abroad or here at home,
Shall plot againſt thee, neuer may they come
To their effect, as they haue euer beene
So may they be found let all ſay, Amen.
Here my dreame ended, after which a while
Soft ſlumber did my ſenſes ſo beguile,
I thought the Tower-gate was ſee my head,
Vntill I waked and found my ſelfe in bed;
From whence ariſing, as the wronged Knight
Had giuen in charge, this Viſion I did write.

FINIS.

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